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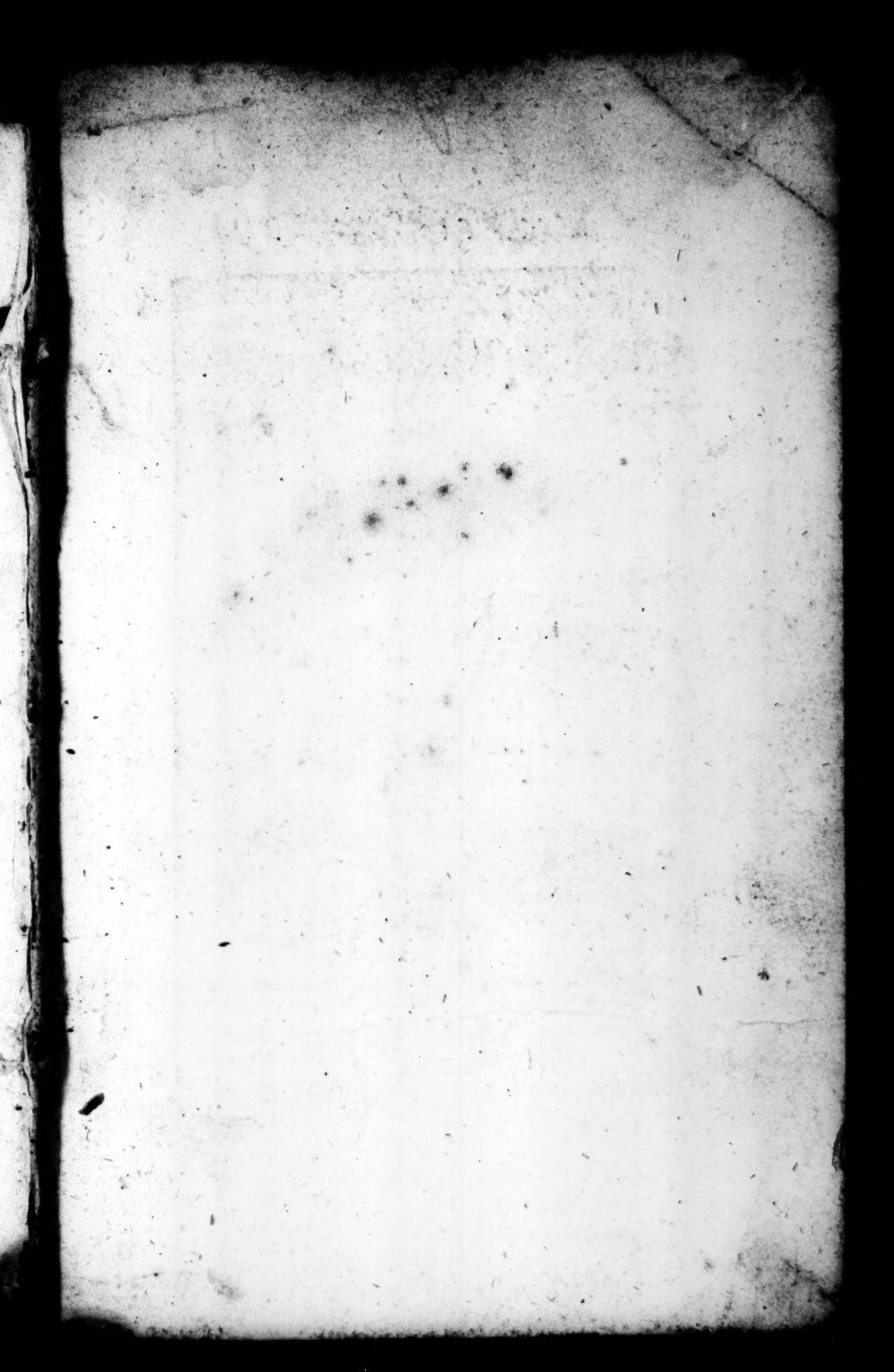
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12518 ccc 17

C Y A N N A

OF

A T H E N S.

A GRECIAN ROMANCE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE BARON
DE BILDERBEC.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR T. AXTELL, CORNHILL,

M DCC XCII.



CYANNA

OF

ATHENS.

AURORA had scarce
dispersed the vapours of the morn-
ing, when Cyanna appeared on the
terrace.—Two entire days were

VOL. II.

B

passed

passed since Lyfias had seen her; her eyes were anxiously turned towards the windows of his apartment, and they overflowed with tears.—She remained a long time fixed to the place; at length, breathing a profound sigh, she bent her slow and wavering steps towards an adjoining grove.

Lyfias had been a secret witness of this silent scene. The appearance of Cyanna distracted him with a thousand ideas.—He was im-

impatient to speak to her — he followed her with his eyes, and hardly had she entered the thicket before he was on the spot.

Cyanna had stopped before the same group which had made so lively an impression upon Lyfias. Her head rested upon her left hand, which was supported by the base of the statue, while her right hung negligently by her side; a mortal paleness covered her visage, a stream of tears ran down her

B 2

checks,

cheeks, her dishevelled hair veiled her panting bosom, her eyes were fixed on the ground; in short, she was a living image of despair. All at once she started, and gave a piercing shriek—Lyfias was at her feet.

“I come,” said he, “to implore
“that pardon which I do not me-
“rit; I have afflicted her whom I
“love.—You turn from me, Cy-
“anna, you are afraid to look
“upon the most culpable of man-
“kind.”

“What have you said, Lyfias?
 “you have pronounced upon me
 “the sentence of death.”

“Is death absolutely preferable
 “to my love?” he replied with
 warmth.

“Be calm, and listen to me.—
 “Esteem, gratitude, and the ten-
 “derest of friendships, are senti-
 “ments to which your heart has
 “a just claim; and these I will
 “foster in my mind till I arrive on

6 CYANNA OF ATHENS.

“the borders of the tomb.—

“But love—No, I can—”

“Friendship ! gratitude ! is
“this all that your heart can put
“in competition with the burning
“transports of mine ? You he-
“tate—you are disordered—you
“weep, Cyanna !”

“Your sufferings call forth my
“tears.—Why will you nourish
“sentiments of which I dare not
“partake ?”

“Why

“Why dare you not partake
“of them?”

“O! my friend, do not insist—
“you do but add to my distress.—

“Once more, Lyfias, we must
“part. Your happiness, as well
“as mine, reason, duty, all impose
“upon us this cruel sacrifice.”

“Away!” cried Lyfias, abandon-
ing himself to all the impetuosity of
his character; “it will, at least, be
“no sacrifice to you. The bandage

B 4

“that

“that covered my eyes is torn
“away.—I see you—I see you in
“all your deformity, perfidious and
“dissembling wretch; the smile
“of love and candour dwells
“upon your lips; but all hell is
“in your heart.—O serpent
“hidden under the roses of inno-
“cence, I have unmasked you!
“Enjoy your infernal triumph;
“I cannot escape, but I can resist
“your power.”
“Ungrateful,

“Ungrateful, cruel Lyfias!”
said Cyanna, in the extremity of
despair; “But—no—I will not
“upbraid you. You are imposed
“upon by appearances.—The na-
“tural fury of your character hur-
“ries you away. — Alas! your
“heart would not urge you on to
“insult a miserable woman.—
“Lyfias, the truth will one day be
“unfolded to your eyes, but I shall
“then be no more.”

“I un-

“ I understand you ; but you
 “ can impose upon me no longer.
 “ The sound of that enchanting
 “ voice, which could once fill my
 “ heart with the softest emotions,
 “ has now lost it's power ; it is
 “ the voice of a revengeful fury ;
 “ it irritates the poison that cir-
 “ culates in my veins. Some
 “ rival, without doubt, reigns
 “ over your affections—This is a
 “ triumph, but he shall not long
 “ enjoy it. I will follow you like
 “ your shadow, till I surprise and
 “ murder

“murder him in your arms.—

“Yet tell me Cyanna—tell me I

“am deceived—tell me that def-

“pair has deprived me of reason,

“that I know not what I say.—

“In the name of the gods, in the

“name of every thing sacred, en-

“deavour to mislead me if it be

“necessary.—You turn from me,

“Cyanna; you will not hear me—

“why then adieu——adieu for

“ever!”

“Unhappy

“Unhappy man! whither are
“you going?” cried Cyanna,
greatly terrified.—“Your counte-
“nance turns pale, your eyes look
“wild, your limbs tremble—speak
“quickly! What are your black
“designs?”

“I go, ungrateful girl, no more
“to save your life, but to destroy—”

“O Lyfias,” cried the unhappy
disciple of Krotyla, falling on her
knees; “Cyanna loves you—
“what would you more?”

“Then am I supremely happy!” exclaimed Lyfias, snatching her to his bosom.—“Sovereign mistress of my soul, let us talk no more of misery.—A single word from your mouth has banished the very idea of wretchedness from this heart, on which your divine image is engraven for ever.”

“Think, Lyfias!” cried Cyanna, with a look full of meaning.

“I do

“ I do think that you have decided the happiness of my life ;
“ that the Great King,* with all
“ his treasure, is less fortunate
“ than I am.”

“ Lyfias, you are abused,” replied Cyanna, with dignity ; “ it is
“ for me to reclaim you from an error, that might prove fatal to us
“ both. Be seated, and let the
“ freedom, with which I am
“ about

* The appellation which the Greeks gave to the Kings of Persia.

“ about to speak, convince you of
“ my sincerity, and shelter me
“ from the unjust reproaches
“ which your cruelty has heaped
“ upon me. Know then, that
“ before you even dreamed that
“ there existed a Cyanna in Athens,
“ you were her hero. Yes, Lyfias,
“ you had realized the idea that
“ I had formed of a man after my
“ own heart.—You were eternal-
“ ly in my thoughts, and not
“ being able to see you, my
“ imagination created a phantom,
“ which

“ which I called Lyfias: my
“ happiness was complete; but
“ reality too soon took place of
“ this sweet illusion.—I was en-
“ gaged to dance before you, and,
“ for the first time, I was ashamed
“ of my profession; my heart, as
“ it were, recoiled upon itself;
“ it was agitated beyond measure;
“ without doubt it foresaw, that
“ the interview would decide my
“ fate for ever.

“ I entered the hall—but how
“ shall I explain to you the change
“ that

“that I experienced in that mo-
“ment! The most delicate of
“her sex, who, in her sleep, should
“walk naked through the market
“place, and, waking, find herself
“surrounded by a crowd of spec-
“tators, could not feel a sensation
“more disagreeable than that
“which I endured. The pal-
“pitations of my heart stopped
“my respiration, and I thought
“I should have been actually suf-
“focated.—The applause and ac-
“clamations of the guests abashed

“and mortified me; but your
“commendations drew forth my
“tears.—My soul was expiring,
“and I danced in an absolute
“paroxysm of frenzy.—Yet, would
“you believe me, this was the
“happiest moment of my life.—
“Excuse my prolixity—you will
“hereafter find that it was neces-
“sary.”

“Do you not see,” cried Lyfias,
“with what delight I listen to
“you? We were both actuated
“by

“ by the same sympathy. It seems
“ as if you had read in my heart
“ those very sentiments which
“ your paint with so much sim-
“ plicity.—I saw your trouble,
“ your embarrassment; nor did
“ your sighs and tears escape me.
“ I was the first to discover all
“ this, for those frigid automatons
“ that surrounded me, were not
“ born to understand—to prize—
“ to adore my Cyanna.”

“ Gods ! give me strength to
“ complete this sacrifice,” ex-
claimed Cyanna—then turning to
Lyfias; “ My friend,” said she,
“ I requested you not to interrupt
“ me.—Alas ! when I left your
“ house, I was not the same being
“ as when I entered it ; reality
“ had taken place of my chimera ;
“ reality, which was as cruel and dis-
“ tressful as the other was flattering
“ and agreeable. There was now
“ an end to the repose of my life ;
“ the vail which had hidden me
“ from

“ from myself had been torn away
“ by the hands of love, whose torch
“ shewed me all my deformity—
“ That secret and powerful voice
“ which nature has placed in every
“ heart, but which being stifled in
“ mine, by the whirlwinds of
“ pleasure and dissipation, had
“ spoken only at intervals, now
“ thundered through my whole
“ frame; the principles of a vicious
“ education were dispersed, like
“ humid and infectious vapours
“ from the surface of a tomb,

C 3

“ when

“ when the sun penetrates them
“ with his rays.—O Lyfias, I
“ cried, since I must love in spite
“ of myself—since I have not the
“ power to conquer this unhappy
“ passion; at least I will have the
“ courage to fly from you—to
“ quit for ever this house, the
“ tomb of my innocence.—Adieu,
“ my country! adieu, my repose!
“ adieu, my happiness! adieu,
“ my pleasures! adieu, Lyfias!—
“ for ever!”

Here

Here Cyanna's grief cut short her words, and with a low and tremulous voice she added,

“ You know the rest.”

Lyfias was much affected—he pressed her hand to his heart—and, after a short pause, she continued:

“ Lyfias, you can now be only
“ the lover of my soul—that alone
“ remains unsullied.—It is there,

“ my friend, it is there, that your
“ image shall remain till I breathe
“ my last sigh.—Love is a fickle
“ and transitory passion; a fire
“ which devours and consumes,
“ but which is soon extinguished.
“ Friendship alone is lasting;
“ esteem never perishes. — My
“ friend, these are sentiments
“ worthy of your consideration—
“ they are the only ones that
“ Cyanna dares to cherish; believe
“ me, they will be sufficient to
“ insure your happiness. — Your
“ country

“country is dear to you, your duties
“are sacred; pursue the career
“you have so nobly begun!——
“Sometimes let me be permitted
“to receive, in my solitude, my
“friend, the hero of my country;
“let him come and count before
“me the laurels he has reaped.—
“After devoting whole months
“to the service of the state, let
“him give a single day to his
“Cyanna.—”

“Hold!” interrupted Lyfius,
hastily; “you must now hear the
“reso-

“ resolution I have taken, which
 “ no earthly power can change.—
 “ Do not believe, that because I
 “ suffered you to talk so long, I
 “ was undetermined; you had
 “ not opened your mouth before
 “ I had made my decision.—Your
 “ eloquence is thrown away, Cy-
 “ anna, you have failed in your
 “ design.”

“ How? what would you say?”

“ That instead of breaking my
 “ chains you have rivetted them
 “ still

“ still faster.—My esteem now
 “ surpasses my love; and from
 “ this moment you shall be mis-
 “ tress of my fortune.—To all
 “ the ties that now attach me to
 “ you, permit me to add one still
 “ more sacred; Cyanna, you shall
 “ be my wife.”

“ I your wife!”

“ There are fools who will
 “ blame, and madmen who will
 “ calumniate me; but a mind
 “ that

“ that is firm knows how to brave,
 “ the judgment of such base and
 “ ungenerous accusers.”

“ But the voice of honor !”
 cried Cyanna.

“ I respect real honor ; but I
 “ despise that vain and airy phan-
 “ tom that usurps it's name.—
 “ I can resist a prejudice that is
 “ unjust, absurd, atrocious.”

“ No, Lyfias ; it must not be ;
 “ my love is dearer to me than
 “ life ;

“ life ; but you are still dearer to
“ me than my love.—Never—
“ never.—”

“ Once more, you shall be my
“ wife !”

“ Shall the mistress of Gnatho-
“ nides become the wife of
“ Lyfias ?”

“ She exists no more,” he re-
plied. — “ It is not Cyanna of
“ Athens—it is she who was
“ snatched

“snatched from the waves——

“who——”

Just at this instant a slave came to announce the arrival of Daxiphanes, who already appeared at the end of the garden walk.— Cyanna ran towards him, and threw herself into his arms. This rapid and violent movement of his daughter, the grief that was painted on her countenance, and the cold and embarrassed reception that he received from Lyfias, awaked the

tender solicitude of the old man.—

His eyes were fixed on them both alternately, and betrayed the liveliest expression of anxiety. He spoke little, and was sad and melancholy during the remainder of the day.

SCARCE had the following morning appeared, when Daxiphanes, impatient to see his daughter, in order to read her heart, and pour into it the balm of consolation, opened the door of her apartment, which was adjoining his own. She was in a deep

deep sleep—a frightful dream seemed to agitate her frame—her forehead was covered with a cold sweat—her respiration was short and precipitate—and her cheeks were wet with tears. Daxiphanes stood a long time before her, in all the silence of grief; at length, however, he made a movement, in order to retire, when Cyanna awoke, and throwing her eyes wildly around her, perceived him, and exclaimed:

“Is it you, my father!”

“My poor child!” said the old man.

“Yes, poor—very poor!” continued Cyanna. — “But, no—I have lost nothing; for I see that you still love me. The tenderness of a father compensates for many misfortunes.”—

“Yes, I will be a father to you, and you shall be my daughter in reality.”

“ reality.—Place your hand to my
 “ heart, Cyanna, and feel how it
 “ beats; none but the heart of a
 “ father could be thus violently
 “ disturbed. If I have not given
 “ you life it is an error of nature.—
 “ I feel that I ought to be your
 “ parent.”

“ You ought, indeed,” replied
 Cyanna. “ When you last left us,
 “ it seemed as if my soul had been
 “ separated from my body.—I be-
 “ came, all at once, sad and pen-

“ five, and my secret forebodings
 “ were terrible in the extreme.
 “ Ah! why did you desert me?
 “ your absence has been fatal.—
 “ If you knew all—but I dare not
 “ tell you the horrid secret.”

“ Why not? suppose I have
 “ guessed it!”

“ Impossible! you would de-
 “ spise me—force me from your
 “ arms, and call me no more your
 “ daughter.”

“ You

“ Your age, Cyanna, is not
“ capable of dissimulation.—Ex-
“ perience has a penetrating eye.
“ You are in love.”

“ If it were only that.—But to
“ love without hope of—”

“ Return! what mortal is so
“ blind—so insensible?”

“ My father,” interrupted Cy-
anna; “ I am loved to excess.—
“ It is this that occasions my grief,

“and will, in the end, occasion
“my death.”

“I do not understand you!”

“I know it well.—O Gods!
“Daxiphanes, have you ever
“heard of Myris, the courtesan;
“or of the voluptuous Timandra?”

“Why do you ask me such a
“question?”

“do you know them?”

“Who

“ Who knows not those per-
 “ fidious syrens—those vile out-
 “ casts of nature; the shame of
 “ their sex, and the ruin of ours.
 “ Unhappy is the nation that
 “ nourishes such vipers in it’s
 “ bosom. May curses—”

“ Hold! my father, do not
 “ call down the vengeance of
 “ heaven upon thy daughter.”

“ Upon thee!” said Daxi-
 phanes, with a solemn tone of
 D 4 voice;

voice; “ I thought I had found
“ out the secret that tormented
“ you; but these are not the
“ symptoms of disappointed love.
“ Unhappy girl! explain to me
“ this instant, the frightful, the
“ impenetrable mystery! It is not
“ a barren curiosity that now ani-
“ mates me; you must not refuse
“ me your confidence. I swear
“ by the sacred mysteries of
“ Eleufis, that I will never be-
“ tray you. You are young.—
“ Perhaps the irresistibile charm
“ of seduction—perhaps a weak-

“ nefs—ah ! who has not had his
“ weakneffes, Cyanna !—If I can
“ boast of some virtues, I owe
“ them to my heart ; a feeling
“ heart is always indulgent ; and
“ the heart of a father can excuse
“ any thing.”

“ Since you infift,” cried Cy-
anna, falling on her knees ; “ you
“ fhall know how little ſhe, whom
“ you call daughter, is worthy of
“ ſuch a tender name.—But do
“ not throw me from your boſom ;
“ be

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“ be mild, be favorable, be gene-
“ rous; and when I shall have
“ told you all my indiscretions,
“ do not refuse me your conso-
“ lation.”

IN order to prevent a repetition, it will be proper to break off the conversation in this place. The reader would learn nothing from the confessions of Cyanna that he does not already know.— These confessions were painful, but they were sincere.—If we except

cept the name of her parents, and the history of her infant years, of which she was herself entirely ignorant, the unhappy penitent did not forget the least circumstance of her life.

The old man shuddered at the narrative.

“Cyanna,” said he, a few minutes after she had finished speaking; “we must depart—
“you must follow me this instant.”

“Whither

“ Whither would you lead me,
 “ my father ?”

“ To my cottage, where we
 “ will eat the bread of poverty
 “ steeped in our tears. Unhap-
 “ py child ! how I pity you.—
 “ Clothe yourself quickly, and
 “ let us go.”

Cyanna obeyed the old man's
 orders with fear and trembling.—
 every moment she threw upon
 him a suppliant look ; an idea tor-
 mented

mented her, which she dared not disclose.—To go, without taking leave of Lyfias, was a punishment almost too heavy to be borne.—Daxiphanes, in the meanwhile, opened Lyfias's table books, in which he wrote as follows:

DAXIPHANES TO LYSIAS.

HEALTH !

“ SON of the virtuous
“ Nicarus, if the memory of thy
“ father be dear to thee ; if thou
“ desirest to walk in his footsteps,
“ thou wilt be satisfied with a
“ single word as an excuse for
“ my sudden departure.—Cyanna
“ has opened to me her heart,
“ and

“ and I had no need to tell her
“ what she ought to do.—Adieu;
“ we shall never see you more;
“ but we shall love you always.”

Daxiphanes, with a trembling hand, supported his wretched daughter, who crept slowly by his side, and by insensible degrees they lost sight of the mansion.—
At this moment Cyanna was, of all mortals, the most deserving of pity.—Her eyes were dry, for
deep

deep griefs have feldom any tears to shed; and a convulsive motion agitated all her members.—The heart of Daxiphanes, too, was torn with anguish, and they were walking silently along, when, all of a sudden, they heard a noise behind them; it was Lyfias, seated in a phaeton, drawn by two foaming courfers.—He cast a disdainful and insulting look upon the unfortunate pedestrians, and passed by them like lightning, burying them in a cloud of dust.

“ It is he !” cried Cyanna, with a faltering voice.—Her eyes were immoveably fixed on the phaeton. At length, when she had entirely lost sight of it, she exclaimed—
“ My father, the sacrifice is consummated !” and in the same moment fell senseless on the road.

Daxiphanes collecting together the little strength that was left him, carried her to an adjoining rivulet, and revived her with its cold and translucent stream.—But let us follow Lyfias to Athens.

That species of ferocity, of which he had given so marked a proof, proceeded, in fact, from an excess of sensibility; too weak to resist the first impulsion, and too proud to retract a resolution in the moment he had taken it, the repentance that followed his furious transports was generally to no purpose. He had scarce fixed his eyes on Cyanna before his anger was abated; yet nature, love, humanity, all strove in vain to recover possession of his heart.—

The puerile fear of ridicule confined him in his phaeton, and the horses spontaneously drew him along.

On his return to Athens he had recourse to solitude, which soon, however, became insupportable.—The Tempest that tormented his senses, an inward monitor, that secretly warned him of his faults, and the image of Cyanna abandoned to misery and despair ; all these things together replugged him, in
a few

a few days, into the vortex of his former pleasures. Under the influence of excessive grief, as well as of violent joy, men of his character can never live by themselves; they are afraid to concentrate—they cannot exist but in the tumult of society.

But if Cyanna had a powerful enemy, even in the heart of her lover, two others, not less dangerous, were leagued against her. The first of these was Gnatho-

nides, who had not forgotten the contumelious manner in which she had left him; and the other was Timandra, the courtesan, whom Lyfias had deserted the moment he first saw Cyanna.—

A woman, sacrificed to a rival, is no more a woman, but a fury; this truth was well known to Gnathonides, who resolved to make use of Timandra as the instrument of his revenge on Lyfias.

“ For whom do you practice
“ that smile?” cried Gnathonides,
“ entering

entering Timandra's dressing-room, while she was seated before her looking-glass. — "For whom," he continued, "do you prepare that dress, so voluptuously negligent? Does the fair Timandra meditate new conquests?"

"The question is dictated by vanity," replied Timandra.— "But what brings you hither thus early in the morning?"

“ I wish to know, my charming friend, what sentiments you would entertain for a lover, who should sacrifice you to a rival ?”

“ Hate and disdain !”

“ But should the traitor be a man of merit ?”

“ In that case, regret.—But to what purpose do you ask me such an extravagant question ?”

“ You

“ You shall know that pre-
“ sently. — First, however, you
“ must tell me, which is the most
“ flattering triumph for a hand-
“ some woman, to retain a faith-
“ ful lover, or to bring back to
“ her feet an inconstant, who had
“ carried his vows elsewhere ?”

“ Where is the woman,” re-
plied Timandra, with affected dig-
nity, “ who is so much her own
“ enemy, as not to prefer the
“ homage of a heart entirely her
“ own

“ own, to the flutterings of a
“ butterfly?”

“ Your hand upon your
“ conscience,” replied Gnatho-
nides.

“ Enough of this raillery,” said
“ Timandra, “ If you do not de-
“ sist, I——”

“ Well, well—I did not think
“ it was so great a crime, not to
“ believe a woman at the first
“ word.

“ word.—But whither are you
“ going ; are you engaged this
“ evening ?”

“ No.—Where do you sup ?”

“ I have Company at home,”
said Gnathonides, “ and I am
“ come to ask you to be of the
“ party.”

“ Of whom will it be com-
“ posed ?”

“ Mineppus,

“ Mineppus, Dameas, the face-
 “ tious Alphanicus, the senten-
 “ tious Antilocus.—And as to fe-
 “ males, your beautiful friend
 “ Myris, and—”

“ And who besides ?”

“ Let me recollect.—Faith, I
 “ had forgotten one of the prin-
 “ cipal guests.”

“ Proceed,” said Timanda,
 with seeming impatience.”

“ In

“ In two words, Lyfias is re-
“ turned to Athens, and I mean
“ to ask him to supper with My-
“ ris.—I believe they are upon
“ the most intimate terms.”

“ Lyfias and Myris !” exclaim-
ed Timandra, highly enraged.—
“ That insupportable Myris.—
“ Gnathonides, I do not like these
“ sort of pleasantries—they are ill-
“ timed.”

“ May I die if it be not all
“ truth.—I hear that Lyfis has
“ quar-

“ quarrelled with Cyanna, and
 “ that Myris has taken her place.”

“ I will see this Lyfis,” cried
 Timandra, with a paroxysm of
 fury; “ I burn, I die to encounter
 “ him.”

“ Courageously spoken! but
 “ tell me, Timandra, is it love,
 “ or the desire of vengeance, that
 “ colours your cheeks, glistens in
 “ your eyes, and —”

“ Have

“ Have I not a rival?” inter-
rupted Timandra : “ And am
“ I not a woman ?”

“ Enough, my charming friend,”
said Gnathonides, “ I shall see
“ you in the evening.—Adieu !”

ON

ON his return home, Gnathonides passed through the public gardens, and, by chance, perceived Lyfias walking in a solitary alley. He, cautiously, filed along a row of trees, in order to prevent the possibility of an escape.

“ Son

“ Son of the wife Nícarus,” said he, when he had approached near enough to be heard, “ I give you congratulation.”

“ I congratulate you also, son of Lyfistratus,” replied Lyfias, continuing his journey.

“ A single word with you !—”

“ Pardon me,” said the lover of Cyanna, redoubling his pace,

“ an affair of importance calls me
“ away.”

“ Lyfias, you fly, you avoid
“ me,” rejoined Gnathonides, in
the most amicable tone; “ shall
“ we pass our whole lives in quar-
“ relling and being reconciled?
“ It is in vain that you would
“ dissemble; you have something
“ to reproach me with, but may
“ I die if I know what it is.”

“ You are deceived; an affair
“ of the utmost importance—”

“ Is made an excuse for shun-
 “ ning me,” replied Gnathonides,
 with vivacity.

“ Gnathonides, I am used to
 “ be believed on my word.—As
 “ to the rest Menippus——”

“ Oh, I recollect ; you are going
 “ with him to try your horses in
 “ the Circus.—I should like to see
 “ them—they are said to be ex-
 “ tremely beautiful ; pray let me
 “ bear you company.”

“As you please,” answered Lyfias, coldly.

They walked for a considerable time in profound silence; and Lyfias was greatly embarrassed.— At length said Gnathonides, “If
“you would open your heart,
“perhaps it would be better for us
“both.”

“I have nothing to communi-
“cate,” said Lyfias.

“Perfection

“ Perfection is not in our nature,” replied the other, “ and perhaps it belongs still less to me than to my neighbours: but who ought to be more indulgent than a friend? If I have offended you, I swear it was without intention.”

No, Gnathonides, you have not offended me; but our tastes have ceased to be alike.—You are fond of noisy pleasures, and I——”

“ Hold, my friend ! truth
“ pierces through the veil with
“ which you are trying to hide
“ her.—I will relieve you from
“ your embarrassment—listen to
“ me attentively.—Not long ago
“ there was, in Athens, a young
“ and handsome female, who, to
“ a thousand other charms, add-
“ ed the most pleasing talent
“ of seduction ; a certain young
“ man could not look at her
“ without being amorous, and
“ the weight of his gold procured
“ him her acquaintance. — The
“ young

“ young charmer, under an air of
“ innocence and simplicity, hid a
“ temperature of fire; the ingenious
“ young man knew how to profit
“ from a moment, when the senses
“ spoke, with a certain vivacity.
“ Intoxicated with his happiness,
“ he imparted it to his friends,
“ among whom there was one of
“ those who never believe what
“ they have not seen. This
“ friend sends for the blooming
“ syren, catches fire, and flies into
“ the country with the new ob-

ject of his adorations; his fertile
imagination transforms her into
a Minerva; he lavishes upon
her the most ridiculous incense,
at last he quits her, and finishes
by avoiding the society of his
friend? and for what? be-
cause he had before been so
kind as to run away with his
mistress.—Have I guessed right,
Lyfias?”

“What do you mean,” said
Lyfias, much embarrassed.

“Since

“ Since you are determined not
“ to understand me, I will explain
“ myself more clearly. You saw
“ the young Cyanna—you doted
“ on her to madness—you forced
“ her away from me ; and, far
“ from upbraiding you, which I
“ certainly had a right to do, I
“ submit to your caprices, and
“ endeavour to exculpate myself.
“ In short, I play your part, while
“ you so pleasantly endeavour to
“ perform mine.—Lyfias, which
“ of the two is the better friend ?

“ He

“ He, without doubt, who has
 “ least to reproach himself with.”

“ Give me your hand,” said
 Gnathonides.

“ Pardon me, you increase my
 “ unhappiness—I was unjust, but
 “ my injustice was involuntary.—
 “ Oh! that Cyanna; I would
 “ give my whole fortune never
 “ to have seen her.”

“ The

“ The fault is with yourself,
 “ my friend, if you have not reaped
 “ the profits of her acquaintance ;
 “ without doubt you have been
 “ sufficiently sentimental and ro-
 “ mantic.—You have been rea-
 “ soning and Platonizing at her
 “ feet, from morning till night,
 “ and at first she, of course,
 “ adopted your method of court-
 “ ship.—But, when tired with
 “ spiritualizing—when the senses
 “ had remained too long inactive,
 “ she dropped the mask, and—”

“ You

“ You are wrong, Gnathonides ;
 “ the offer of my hand—”

“ How !” interrupted Gnatho-
 nides.

“ Yes,” continued Lyfias, a
 little confused ; “ but you shall
 “ hear and judge.”

Here the weak, the credulous
 Lyfias recounted, word for word,
 to his treacherous friend, his ad-
 venture with Cyanna ; all which,
 “ however,

however, Gnathonides had before learned from a slave whom he had bribed. As soon as he had finished his narrative, Gnathonides burst into a loud and violent fit of laughter.

“ Who, in the name of wonder
“ and ridicule,” said he, “ has ever
“ before played so ridiculous a part
“ with a girl of her character? A
“ husband! why a husband, in
“ the eyes of Cyanna, is a monster.
“ You might as well propose to
“ shut

“ shut her up between four walls
“ for the remainder of her life.—
“ Love, gold, pleasures, and above
“ all, liberty, are what you should
“ offer her.—But can any thing
“ under the skies be more ridi-
“ culous than this desire of marry-
“ ing all our fine women? In one
“ word as well as in a thousand, no
“ man in his proper senses ever
“ thinks of going to the altar with
“ a dancing girl, especially when
“ he can settle matters on easier
“ terms—

“ terms—on terms that are more
“ convenient to both.”

“ I see, my friend, you have
“ a false, an unjust idea of this
“ singular woman. Cyanna may
“ have been weak, but she was
“ never vile. She was not playing
“ a comedy, believe me, when she
“ threw herself into the sea.”

“ And the old man in the boat,”
said Gnathonides, “ who arrived

“ so luckily ! poor Lyfias, how you
 “ have been imposed upon !”

“ At least, it is not the thirst of
 “ gold that induces her to refuse
 “ the offer of my hand.”

“ Exactly so.—A wife must be
 “ æconomical—a mistress may
 “ spend what she pleases.”

“ Let us drop the subject.—You
 “ distress without convincing me.
 “ Here comes Menippus.”

“ Apropos.

“ Apropos.—Several of our
“ friends are coming to sup with
“ me.—Will you make one of
“ the party ?”

“ Really,” said Lyfias, “ feasts
“ are become disgusting to me.”

“ It will be no feast; but mere-
“ ly a meeting of our friends.”

“ Well—we shall see; but you
“ must promise me not to have
“ any women.”

“ No Women then—since you
“ desire it.”

Lyfias now proceeded to the circus, and Gnathonides went to apprise Timandra of his success.—

“ The bird is fallen into my net,”
said he ; “ I will deliver him up
“ to you this evening, and you may
“ clip his wings as much as you
“ shall think proper.—You must
“ not, however, appear to have
“ been invited.—You will drop
“ in by accident.”

LY S I A S, Gnathonides, Menippus, Demeas, and several others were met in a dining-hall in Gnathonides' palace.—The repast was nearly at an end; the vapours of wine had exhilarated their spirits; and even Lyfias, himself, began to be cheerful, when Gna-

G 2 thonides,

thonides, holding in his hand a cup crowned with flowers, demanded silence.

“ All-powerful Venus! divine
“ pleasures, graces, sports, and
“ love,” said he, “ the soft as-
“ suagers of the pains of human
“ life, it is to you that your faith-
“ ful votary offers this libation.”

While he was pouring out the wine, Timandra, covered with a thick veil, glided into the apartment,

ment, snatched the cup from Gnathonides, and disguising her voice, exclaimed :

“ Constant and sincere love !
 “ the only soother of a feeling
 “ heart, to you this libation.”

“ Is it a woman who speaks ?”
 said Lyfias, in a tone of bitterness.

“ A woman !” replied Timandra.

“ By Jupiter, I do not believe
 “ it !” continued Gnathonides,

G 3 snatching

snatching the veil from her face, when, to his utter confusion and astonishment, he beheld his former mistress.—A loud and immoderate burst of laughter re-echoed through the hall. Lyfias regarded Gnathonides with a look full of anger and resentment, and returned to his seat.

“What fortunate accident has brought the fair Timandra hither?” said Gnathonides.

“My

“ My visit,” she replied, “ is
“ not merely the effect of chance;
“ yet I am sorry that I have inter-
“ rupted you.”

“ Sorry !” said Gnathonides,
“ because you have given us an
“ unexpected pleasure !”

“ This is a reply that I might
“ have expected, but you ought
“ to know, Gnathonides, that
“ compliments of this nature are
“ grown so old, that in order to be

G 4 “ flattering,

“ flattering, they should have truth
“ for their foundation. I will,
“ however, give you the history
“ and reason of my visit. The
“ young painter, whom you have
“ taken under your protection,
“ talked to me this morning of a
“ picture he has painted for you,
“ which, if his description be just,
“ is worthy the pencil of a master.
“ I am, this moment, returned
“ from the public walks, and as I
“ passed by your door, the picture
“ came into my mind ; thinking
“ you

“ you were from home, I entered
“ the hall, but finding myself
“ mistaken, I seized the cup from
“ your hand, and ———— admire
“ my extravagance ?”

“ This history,” said Lysias to himself, “ does not appear highly
“ probable; but, at the same time,
“ it may be true.”—Then, addressing himself to the new visitor—“ There was a time,” said he, “ when the fair Timandra
“ was so cool an admirer of painting,
ing,

“ ing, that she refused to go three
“ steps to see a master-piece.—
“ But tastes will change.”

“ True—variety is an incentive
“ to pleasure ; uniformity kills all
“ our enjoyments.—In order to
“ be voluptaries we must be ro-
“ vers.—Is not this your system,
“ Lyfias ?”

Lyfias bit his lips.

“ With

“ With your attractions, charming Timandra,” said Gnathonides, in a tone of affected gallantry, “ you will never persuade us, that “ inconstancy is the happiness of “ life. What think you, Lyfias ?”

“ I think—that my opinion is “ of little consequence. — But, “ apropos, you know that I am “ mad after painting, and yet you “ have not spoken a word of your “ new acquisition. May I be “ per-

“permitted to see this boasted
“picture?”

“Certainly,” said Gnathonides,
highly pleased at the proposal—
“I cannot quit the table, but Ti-
“mandra, who has long wished
“to see my gallery, will accom-
“pany you. I will trust her in
“the hands of a connoisseur, who
“will acquit himself much better
“than I should, of a task which
“I yield up to him with regret.—
“Lyfias

“ Lyfias will lend you his arm,
“ Timandra.”

Lyfias arose in great confusion, and approached Timandra.—They walked, arm in arm, to the picture gallery, and a most awkward and embarrassing silence ensued.—At length Timandra exclaimed,
“ This is, without doubt, the picture we are in search of!—Ariadne abandoned on the rock of Naxos; what colouring! what truth!”

“ It

“ It appears the more perfect,”
replied Lyfias, “ because the painter
“ has faithfully copied nature ;
“ for you may easily discern, that
“ those are not sorrows proceeding
“ from a real and tender passion,
“ but the ravings of wounded
“ self-love, that are painted on
“ the countenance of Ariadne.—
“ How well did this young man
“ understand women !”

“ He carries his sarcasm to the
“ extremity of rudeness,” said
Timandra,

Timandra, to herself.—“ So much
“ the better ; he does not speak
“ the language of indifference.”

“ Fair princess,” continued Lyfias,
“ you will soon be comforted, for
“ I see Bacchus advancing.”

Timandra pretended not to have heard what Lyfias had said ; all her attentions seemed to be concentrated in the picture, and her eyes were insensibly filled with tears. At last she cried, in a sentimental tone,
“ Oh

“ Oh Ariadne ! unfortunate prin-
“ cefs, how fenfibly I feel all that
“ you muft fuffer in this dreadful
“ moment ! the ftrokes that are
“ given by a hand which is dear
“ to us, are by far the moft cruel
“ and fevere ; they are wounds
“ that can never be cured.—
“ O men ! vain and inhuman be-
“ ings ; will you ftill reproach us
“ for our juft fufpicions ? Can
“ the victim avoid trembling under
“ the knife of the facrificing prieft ?
“ can the timid turtle help flying
“ from

“ from the devouring vulture ?
“ Pardon me, Lyfias, I was wan-
“ dering ; there are moments
“ when my heart will speak in
“ spite of me ; and certain objects
“ recall certain remembrances.—
“ But it is not to you that Timan-
“ dra would discover her weak-
“ nesses.—Excuse me,” she con-
tinued, falling upon the sofa, over-
whelmed with tears, and offering
her hand to Lyfias.—Excuse this
“ folly, my only friend ; I am be-
VOL. II. H “ come

“ come a child ; I am weaker
“ than an infant.”

Timandra, in this moment, was more than handsome, she was ravishing ; her charms committed a pleasing violence on the mind.—Her luxurious air—the sound of her voice—the voluptuous ideas which she inspired—the silence and solitude of the place, all conspired to accelerate the defeat of Lyfias.

“ A long

A long silence followed; after which Timandra took a theorbo* that lay upon the sofa, and again contemplating the picture, asked Lyfias if he was acquainted with the air of Ariadne.—“ The composition is sublime,” said she. “ It is my favorite air ; you shall hear it.”

The transition was bold and dangerous.—Without waiting, however, for an answer, she began

H 2

to

* A lute used by the Greeks.

to touch the strings of the instrument.—“ Formerly,” she continued, “ you were fond of hearing
 “ me sing; there was, indeed, a
 “ time when you could listen to
 “ me for entire hours !”

“ There was—there is—and
 “ there ever will be a time !”
 “ cried the enraptured Lyfias.

These words were no sooner pronounced than Timandra, almost sure of a triumph, was on the
 point

point of forgetting the part she was to act. Soon, however, recovering “ herself, an arm, whiter than new fallen snow, sweeps across the silvery strings ; her head is negligently reclined on her shoulder, the cloud of sentiment begins to cover her fine eyes, and to dim their lustre ; her mouth opens like the rose-bud, and the enchantment commences. It was not the forced, the brilliant cadence, which, displaying the volume of voice, commands applause, but leaves the heart

in tranquillity ; it was not the despair, the fury of love, that Timandra endeavoured to express ; she was too well acquainted with the man whom she wished to subdue.

A soft melancholy animated her song ; she attempted to call forth those tender and plaintive tones which cause a delicious shivering, and invade all the faculties of the soul ; those long and melancholy notes, that expire on the lips, like the murmurs of a distant cascade ;

notes

notes that rejoice the heart, as well as please the ear.

Mean while her gestures, her looks, her attitude, all expressed the pains of disappointed love; and her heart seemed to dissolve, and be exhaled in melodious sounds. Lyfias was intoxicated to madness; he was the faithless Theseus, whom this new Ariadne recalled to her arms. Never had Timandra appeared more captivating.—He was on the point of falling at her feet,

H 4

when

when the image of Cyanna suddenly darted across his mind.—He paused—he trembled—his heart, at length, made a glorious effort, and, with the rapidity of lightning, he burst from the apartment.

O HAPPY

O HAPPY days of Greece!
times of glorious memory! ages
shall be swallowed up in the night
of time; generations shall pass
away, but your remembrance shall
never be destroyed.—The mighty
atchievements of our ancestors shall
be effaced from the memory
of

of mankind, even the name of the good Henry shall be forgotten, but you alone shall never be obliterated. The modern monuments of art and genius shall be annihilated, under the scythe of the eternal destroyer; but you alone shall be, like him, eternal.—The angel of immortality has fixed his throne upon your superb ruins, and the universe contemplates them with veneration.—O happy days of Greece! times of glorious memory! will ye never return?"

The

The day fixed for the sports in honor of Neptune was arrived.—A clear azure vault covered the horizon; the star of day darted his purest rays on the plain, where the youth of Athens, brilliant as glory, and fierce as the god of war, assembled for the purpose of gathering the envied laurels.—In the midst of this splendid troop, the eye, with pleasure, distinguished the intrepid Lyfias. In the moment, when glory called him to the field of honor, he became a
new

new being. Though weak and irresolute in the arms of a beautiful woman, with his helmet on his head he was a perfect hero.

The seats of the amphitheatre were occupied by an innumerable crowd; for an indelible stain would have marked the citizen who had been absent from this national celebration.

The artist now deserts his workshop; the labourer quits his plow;
the

the unhappy man comes hither to forget his misfortunes, and the poor man his misery.—The young beauty hastens to applaud the triumphs of address and intrepidity; the old man to animate and encourage his son with voice and gestures; while the timid and love-stricken maiden, scarcely lifting her eyes up to her admirer, trembles, and turns pale alternately.—Fear and joy suspend the movements of her heart, till at length she hazards a stolen glance, which
is

is caught by her lover, and renders him invincible.

Meanwhile the sound of trumpets announce the arrival of the judges, generals, and chiefs of the republic, who place themselves on the most elevated seats of the amphitheatre.—The signal is presently given.—

Lyfias, whose forehead is encircled with a double crown, leaps into his chariot, and, with a proud but

but tranquil air, measures the distance which he is about to traverse; his fiery steeds partake of their master's impatience, they beat the ground with their hoofs, and neigh aloud, tossing up their heads, and shaking the reins that moderate their ardour. The eyes of all the spectators are fixed on the valiant son of the sage Nicarus; his name passes from mouth to mouth, a soft murmur informs him of the interest he inspires, and he becomes

comes still more modest in proportion as he is flattered.

During this the chariots are ranged in front, and now they all start together. The earth rings under their wheels; the noise is like the roaring of an approaching tempest, or like Boreas rushing through the bosom of a vast forest. The chariots are separated by insensible degrees, and soon a long interval is left between them.— At length Lyfias outstrips all his rivals ;

rivals, and is surrounded by the acclamations of the people.—Encouraged by applause, he redoubles his pace; his courfers scarce touch the ground—they fly—the wheels appear to be immovable in the axletree, so rapid is their motion. The least faint hopes are extinguished in the hearts of his rivals, and they tremble with rage.—Our hero has now lost the sound of their chariots—the goal is in view, and almost seems as if it were advancing to meet him;

when lo! the axletree gives a crash, and breaks asunder.—The body of the chariot falls, and ploughs the earth.—Lyfias reels, and at last falls, entangled in the reins; the horses are terrified, and no longer feeling the hand that guides them, abandon themselves to their natural impetuosity.

The unfortunate hero was on the point of destruction, when, suddenly, a young female rushed from the seats of the amphitheatre, and

and threw herself in the way of the horses.—The chariot was presently stopped, and the beautiful deliverer, with an air of contentment and gratitude, lifted her eyes towards heaven, and fell senseless into the arms of an old man, who having in vain attempted to keep her back, now ran to her assistance. A tumult of joy immediately succeeded to the silence of terror, and cries of admiration resounded thro' the theatre. Lyfias threw an embarrassed look upon his young

benefactress, and suddenly spring-
ing forward, exclaimed,

“ Gods! it is Cyanna !”

At the sound of his well-known
voice Cyanna opened her fine
eyes, and beheld her lover at her
feet.

As soon as their mutual tran-
sports had a little subsided, they
both precipitated themselves into
the arms of Daxiphanes. — We
shall

shall not attempt to describe the feelings of this tender couple, nor the paternal affection of the old man.—Let us here break our pencil—the picture is imperfect, but it will be finished by such of our readers as possess minds of sensibility.

Lyfias's eyes now sparkle with vivid fire; his head is proudly erect—he walks majestically along, and almost bears the stamp and image of a god.

“Cyanna,” said he, “I will
“plead our cause—the cause of
“love, before this innumerable
“assembly of my fellow citizens,
“and the fathers of my country
“shall be our judges.”

He spoke, and instantly hurried the blushing Cyanna into that part of the amphitheatre which was occupied by the old men.— A murmur of surprise now runs through the ranks. — The trembling pupil of Krotyla could scarce support

support her own weight.—A troop of young maidens, however, observing her embarrassment, ran to her assistance, and endeavoured to inspire her with courage.

Lyfias, whom the enthusiasm of love elevated above the rest of mortals, bowed respectfully before the assembly of old men, and taking off his helmet with one hand, waved the other in order to demand silence.

“ Fathers of your country,”
said he, with a voice bold and
confident; “ old men, warriors,
“ and all you my fellow citizens
“ and friends, suffer me to plead,
“ on this memorable day, the
“ cause of beauty, love and
“ heroism.”

“ Speak, worthy son of Nica-
“ rus,” cried the multitude;—
“ speak; we will hear you.”

“ And you, O sages!” continu-
ed Lyfias, turning towards the old
men;

men; “ the models of virtue, the
“ glory of Athens, will you pro-
“ mise me, after I have spoken,
“ to pronounce the judgment of
“ strict equity?”

Pamphilius, one of the eldest
of the judges arose from his seat :

“ Why,” said he, “ does a fu-
“ neral urn cover the ashes of
“ Nicarus, my friend? Why did
“ he die without having seen the
“ triumph and glory of his son ?
“ Speak,

“ Speak, Lyfias; we will listen
“ to you.”

Lyfias, elevating his voice, recounted the history and misfortunes of his beloved Cyanna, with that tone of frankness and sincerity which never fails to interest the hearer. He gave a full account of the snares that had been spread, in order to entrap her unsuspecting innocence; he even confessed that she had been caught in them; but he did not name her

ungenerous

ungenerous seducer. Gnathonides had been his friend, and he still respected that sacred name.

At length he relates in what manner he had formed his first acquaintance with Cyanna, the origin of his love, his struggles, his incertitudes, the method in which he had snatched her from the fury of the waves; in short, he acknowledged the offer he had made of his hand, and particularly related her generous refusal

fusal of it. The eloquence of sentiment animated his discourse, and soft persuasion dwelt upon his lips; the whole assembly listened to him with the most marked attention.—After having entered into the most circumstantial details, respecting his connexion with Cyanna, and the nature of his sentiments for that charming girl.—He concluded as follows :

“ Ye, whom the worship of
“ the immortal gods, and the de-
“ fires

“ fires of glory have collected to-
 “ gether in this place.—Citizens
 “ of Athens! I have now shewn
 “ you my naked heart; I have
 “ discovered the chain by which
 “ nature and destiny seemed to
 “ bind me to Cyanna.—Scarce
 “ did we know before we loved
 “ each other. Without me Cy-
 “ anna would not now have seen
 “ the light of day; without her
 “ I should not have existed at this
 “ moment. Believe me, worthy
 “ Citizens, I am not unacquainted
 “ with

“ with the laws that are imposed
“ upon me by honor. In order to
“ know and to respect them, it is
“ not necessary to be an Athenian;
“ to be a Greek is sufficient.—
“ But let us beware of confound-
“ ing the sacred name of honor
“ with the vain clamours of pre-
“ judice. Innocence betrayed—
“ cruelly and ungenerously be-
“ trayed, merits our warmest com-
“ passion; vice alone is scan-
“ dalous; it is that only which is
“ detestable. O my friends! the
“ first

“ first of our duties is to be ten-
 “ der and compassionate ; senti-
 “ ment is the instinct of fine
 “ souls ; it can never lead us
 “ astray. And where is the man
 “ among you, who can refuse a
 “ tear to this tender victim of
 “ fortune’s caprice ? Generous
 “ Athenians, ye will not deem
 “ my love a crime ; in the name
 “ of humanity I demand Cyanna
 “ for my wife. From your hands
 “ I would receive her ; your ap-
 “ probation will ennoble my
 “ flame,

“ flame, and render our union re-
“ spectable.—May misfortune at-
“ tend that vile, that wretched
“ being, who shall dare to despise
“ the wife of Lyfias.—Fathers of
“ your country; wise old men;
“ give sentence !”

Lyfias had scarce finished speak-
ing before the amphitheatre re-
sounded with plaudits. Pamphi-
lius rose from his seat, and was
about to reply, when Cyanna ap-
proached, and requested to be
heard

heard. A modest blush covered her cheeks; her roving and distracted looks betrayed the trouble of her heart; her lips trembled, and her whole frame was in agitation.

“ No, venerable fathers ;” said she—“ No, you will never suffer
“ that Lyfias, led on by a silly
“ passion, should one day be
“ obliged to blush at your in-
“ dulgence, and his own weak-
“ nefs. I will not repeat to you

130 CYANNA OF ATHENS.

“ all the reasons that I have urged
“ in order to bring him to more
“ rational sentiments. Join with
“ me, reverend old men, against
“ Lyfias, and against my own
“ heart; for after what has passed
“ it would be fruitless to dissem-
“ ble my love.—Force him to
“ the sacrifice of cruel necessity.
“ In the face of his countrymen
“ declare to him, that Cyanna,
“ the miserable Cyanna, cannot,
“ must not, be his wife.—Adieu,
“ Lyfias, I will return to my so-
“ litude,

“ litude, whence the lover is for
“ ever banished ; but where the
“ friend shall always be received
“ with open arms.”

Cyanna attempted to depart ;
but it was in vain to oppose nature, who always reassumes her rights. This last effort had exhausted her strength, and she would have sunk to the earth had not Pamphilius descended, with rapidity, from the benches of the

K 2 theatre,

theatre, for the purpose of assisting her.

“ Generous girl !” said he,
taking her hand and placing it in
that of her lover ; “ thy past follies
“ are lost in thy present candour
“ and dignity, like a light cloud
“ that is dissipated by the brilliant
“ star of day. To commit
“ faults belongs to humanity ;
“ none, however, but a vigorous
“ mind could thus raise itself
“ above it’s weaknesses. Dry
“ thy

“ thy tears, my daughter, the
 “ sweetest of pleasures, the plea-
 “ sure of loving, shall henceforth
 “ be numbered among thy most
 “ sacred duties.”

He spoke, and returned to the
 assembly of old men, who received
 him with marks of perfect appro-
 bation.

Lyfias, with his eyes lifted to-
 wards heaven, pressed the en-
 raptured Cyanna to his bosom.—

When the first transports of general intoxication were abated, the high priest of Neptune approached the happy couple, and elevating his voice, exclaimed,

“ Receive the recompence of
“ your virtue.—The gods legiti-
“ mate your passion, and Athens
“ unites your hands.—May you
“ give to the state children that re-
“ semble you in every respect, and
“ when you shall have attained
“ a good old age, may the hands
“ of

“ of your grand-children close
“ your eyes in the soft sleep of
“ death.”

Agathon now arrived in triumph.—He had won the prize that accident had wrested from the hand of Lyfias.—He leaped from his car, embraced his friend, and presented to Cyanna the crown that her lover had so well deserved.

“ Let me be the first,” said he,
“ to applaud my friend’s choice,
“ and to pay homage to the he-
“ roine, who, after having saved
“ the life of a worthy citizen, is
“ going to render it a life of hap-
“ piness.—Fair Cyanna,” he con-
tinued, fixing the crown upon
her head, “ it is friendship that
“ crowns love.”

Then gently lifting her in his
arms, he placed her in his car,
seated Lyfias by her side, and
seizing

seizing the reins, set forward towards Athens, amidst the sounds of trumpets, and the acclamations of the people.

Daxiphanes, that good old man, who, without doubt, knew by experience, that the transports of a passion, that had at length received the suffrage both of heaven and man, ought not to be interrupted, informed Lyfias with a smile, that since he was permitted to spend the remainder of his days
with

with his dear Cyanna, he would instantly go and take leave of his good friends, the fishermen, and bring with him his amiable pupil, the young Ismenia.

AURORA

AURORA found the happy couple tenderly locked in each other's arms; and each succeeding day added to their happiness. The sweetest enjoyments to a mind of sensibility are not those of the senses, but the calm that succeeds them,

them, that delicious languor, those tender effusions of two souls, which, as Rousseau said, touch at all points, and every where feel the same coherence. Ye dull and insensible mortals, whose short-lived flame is extinguished with the coruscations of pleasure, how are you to be pitied ! alas ! ye know not what it is to love.

The day following the nuptials, a slave announced the arrival of an unknown woman, who presently

ly afterwards entered the hall, and threw herself at Lyfias's knees.—It was with the utmost difficulty that Lyfias could restrain his indignation in beholding the infamous Krotyla.—Cyanna, extremely terrified, fell into her husband's arms.

“ Lyfias! Cyanna!” exclaimed Krotyla, “ is it possible that I may
“ hope for pardon ?”

“ Vile and impudent wretch,” answered Lyfias ; “ whence comes
“ this

“ this temerity? How dare you
 “ appear in my sight and not dread
 “ my vengeance?”

“ Your vengeance is not com-
 “ parable with the remorse I suf-
 “ fer. My anguish is intolerable.”

“ May your torments still be ac-
 “ cumulated! What brings you
 “ hither?”

“ The desire of encreasing your
 “ happiness by a confession of my
 “ crimes—the hopes of a pardon.”

“ Which

“ Which you never will obtain.—But speak.—”

Cyanna,” said Krotyla, “ I am
“ not affected by the threats and
“ imprecations of your husband;
“ it is your gentleness, your ex-
“ pressive silence, that pierces my
“ heart; what will you say, when
“ you are informed that——”

“ Keep me no longer in sus-
“ pense,” interrupted Lyfias;
“ explain yourself this instant, or
“ dread my wrath.”

“ Yes,

“ Yes, I will speak ; but check
 “ your impetuosity, which would
 “ rather induce my silence, than
 “ force me to reveal a secret which
 “ will give happiness to you
 “ both.”

“ Calm yourself, my dearest
 “ friend,” said Cyanna. “ O! if
 “ my conjectures are well-found-
 “ ed.—Krotyla, quit, I conjure
 “ you, this enigmatical tone—lift
 “ up the veil that hides me from
 “ myself.”

“ Know

“ Know then, Cyanna, that
 “ your birth cost your mother her
 “ life ; at the very moment when
 “ your eyes opened upon the light
 “ of day, her’s were closed for
 “ ever. It was I who received
 “ you into my arms ; who nour-
 “ ished you with the milk of my
 “ bosom ; who fulfilled all the
 “ duties of her who was no more.
 “ Your father—”

“ Ah ! what of him ? does he
 “ still live ? O heaven ! where
 “ is he hidden ?”

“ I snatched you from the good
 “ old man ; I stole you from his
 “ bosom. — You were his only
 “ hope—his only consolation.”

“ Monster ! cried Lyfias,”
 rushing towards Krotyla ; “ by
 “ heaven and earth—”

“ Once more remember, that
 “ I am at liberty either to speak
 “ or be silent ; remember too,
 “ that my silence would deprive
 “ Cyanna of happiness for ever.—

“ Yes,”

“ Yes,” she continued, “ It was
“ I who forced you from the best
“ of parents.—Fatal, thrice fatal
“ was the day, in which I suffered
“ myself to be seduced by the vile
“ allurements of gold. Thirty
“ years had acquired me my mas-
“ ter’s confidence.—He saw, that
“ the care and diligence I bestow-
“ on you did not belong to a slave;
“ but to the tenderest of mothers.
“ Alas! he little knew how much
“ I was unworthy of his good
“ opinion.—One night, while you

L 2

“ were

“ were sleeping by my side, I was
“ suddenly waked by a frightful
“ noise; my fellow slaves, whom
“ fear had deprived of their senses,
“ burst into my chamber, and in-
“ formed me, that the house was
“ on fire.—I took you in my
“ arms, and flew to your father’s
“ apartment; but he was not to
“ be found. A casket, filled with
“ gold and jewels, lay on his
“ sofa; I seized it, and taking
“ advantage of the darkness and
“ disorder

“ disorder of the night, made my
“ escape to Athens.”

“ Heavens!” exclaimed Cyanna.

“ Proceed,” reiterated Lyfias,
stifled with fury and indignation.

“ The crime was now con-
“ summated, but repentance was
“ in my heart. A thousand times
“ I was almost tempted to return
“ to your father—throw myself
“ at his feet, and give him back

L 3

“ his

“ his child ; but the dread of
“ being deprived of so sweet a
“ charge, prevented the execution
“ of my design.—Yes, I call hea-
“ ven to witness, that it was not
“ the fear of a punishment, too
“ justly merited, that hardened
“ me in my crimes ; I must have
“ lost you for ever, had I returned
“ to Syracuse.”

“ Syracuse !” repeated Cyanna,
with astonishment.

“ That

“ That is the place of your
“ nativity.—Meanwhile the trea-
“ sure which I had lavished, in
“ order to give you an education
“ suitable to your birth, a trea-
“ sure, which I thought inex-
“ haustible, diminished daily.—
“ Scarce had you reached your
“ fifteenth year, when I found
“ myself without resource.—How,
“ said I to myself, is it for the
“ purpose of making her share my
“ misery, that I have torn Cyanna
“ from her paternal mansion?—

L 4

“ Shall

“ Shall so many charms remain
“ buried in a shameful tomb?—
“ Shall she, who was brought into
“ the world to enjoy all the world’s
“ delights and pleasures; shall
“ Cyanna measure her existence
“ only by her miseries and pri-
“ vations? No, let her enjoy all
“ the rights that nature has ac-
“ corded to beauty; let love re-
“ store to her all that my criminal
“ imprudence has taken away.—
“ It was thus, Cyanna, that I was
“ led on by degrees, till I had
6 “ dug

“ dug a frightful precipice under
“ your feet; but the gods, the
“ just gods, would not suffer you
“ to fall into it. In attempting
“ to make you happy, I prepared
“ for myself those stings of con-
“ science which will finish only
“ with my life; but which your
“ generous pardon may in some
“ measure alleviate.”

“ Go!” said Cyanna, “ I am
“ too happy not to pardon you.—
“ But

“ But what was the name of my
“ father ?”

“ Pisicratus, of Syracuse.—I
“ know not if he still lives.—Loved
“ by the people, esteemed by his
“ master, he possessed the singular
“ talent of conciliating the pre-
“ rogatives of the citizens with
“ the caprices of Dennis.—He
“ was rich, generous, affable, be-
“ nevolent.—What a master have
“ I betrayed !”

“ Pisicratus

“ Pificratus of Syracuse !” cried
Cyanna, with astonishment ;—
“ Lyfias, let us hasten to find the
“ father of your Cyanna ; I am
“ impatient to embrace him ;
“ every instant of delay is a plea-
“ sure wrested from nature.”

At this very moment Daxi-
phanes entered the apartment,
leading the young Ismena by the
hand.

“ It

“ It is Pificratus !” cried Krotyla, with a piercing shriek ;—
 “ Gods ! it is Pificratus.—”

“ Oh ! my father !” exclaimed Cyanna, falling at the old man’s feet.—She could no more ; her heart was too full—she ficken-ed, and swooned.

“ Gods ! is all this a pleasing
 “ dream,” cried Pificratus ; “ is it
 “ possible, Cyanna, that you can
 “ really be my daughter ?”

Ismena

Ifmena had run to the assistance of Cyanna, and she now loaded her with the most tender caresses.— At length Cyanna recovered.— She opened her eyes slowly, found herself in the arms of her father, and saw her husband before her, who pressed her hand to his lips, and covered it with tears.— What a spectacle for a feeling mind ! for the mind of Cyanna ! she pressed her husband, and father to her bosom ; but her joy was mute ; silence and tears are the language

language of sentiment—a language that far excels the eloquence of a Demosthenes.—The young Ismena contemplated the happy group with extreme satisfaction.

WHEN

WHEN the first intoxication was over, Cyanna related to her father all that had been told her by Krotyla.

“ My child,” said the old man,
as soon as she had done speaking,
“ let

160 CYANNA OF ATHENS.

“ let us bless the fates who brought
“ us together, in that very place
“ where my wounded spirit fought
“ only for a tomb.—Go! you
“ were my daughter when every
“ thing seemed to indicate the
“ contrary. As for you, my son,
“ whose heroic courage conquered
“ a barbarous prejudice in the
“ eyes of all Athens; you, who
“ after having vanquished my
“ heart, knew how to convince
“ my reason; you, in short, who
“ have snatched my daughter from
“ the

“ the edge of a dreadful abyfs
 “ that was ready to ſwallow her
 “ up; may you reap the profits
 “ of your heroifm.—Cyanna is
 “ your’s; Athens, nature, and her
 “ father have given her to your
 “ arms. Gods of my fathers!” he
 continued, lifting up his eyes to-
 wards heaven; “ juſt and good gods!
 “ grant that they may always love
 “ virtue; bleſs them with a nu-
 “ merous poſterity; and may the
 “ Athenians, after having wept
 VOL. II. M “ over

“ over their ashes, see them still
“ alive in their children.”

“ my only parent,” said the
youthful Ismenia, clinging to the
bosom of Pisicratus, “ how you
“ affect me ! I never wept so
“ much before ; but these tears
“ are not like those which I shed
“ over the grave of my real pa-
“ rents ; they are so pleasing that
“ I should like to weep thus all
“ my life time.—And you, my
“ dearest sister,” said she, approach-
ing

ing Cyanna, “ will you promise
“ still to love me?”

Cyanna being engaged with
Pisicratus, did not answer Ismenia.

“ Without doubt,” she pro-
ceeded, in a sorrowful tone of
voice ; “ without doubt, it is this
“ great city that has changed
“ your heart.—Ah ! why did you
“ come hither ? you once told me
“ so much evil of cities, that I
“ did not, at first, believe it ; but

“ now I give credit to it all. Let
“ us return to the valley, my sister,
“ it is there only that people love.
“ As soon as we arrive, I am con-
“ vinced, our affections will be re-
“ newed.

“ And who told you,” said
Cyanna, “ that I have ceased to
“ love you? On the contrary,
“ you are dearer to me than ever;
“ you shall always be my sister;
“ and here,” she continued, point-
ing to Lyfias, “ is your new bro-
“ ther.”

“ But

“ But will you always love me
“ better than you love him?” re-
joined Ismenia.

Oh! without doubt,” replied
Cyanna, laughing.

After they had been for some
time amused with the *naïveté* of
this charming infant, Pisicratus
took her upon his knees, and pla-
cing his children by his side, spoke
to them as follows :

“ Our re-union partakes of the
“ marvellous. Let us respect the
“ will of the gods, and enjoy their
“ blessings without complaining
“ of their rigours. Mean while,
“ my dearest children, it remains
“ for me to inform you, by what
“ means the rich Pisistratus was
“ so suddenly changed into the
“ poor fisherman, Daxiphanes. To
“ him who spends his life in
“ courts, these revolutions are not
“ at all surprising ; the courtier,
“ like the seaman, is in danger
“ every

“ every moment, of tempests and
 “ whirlwinds.—But I will give
 “ you my history in a few words.
 “ Overwhelmed with riches, hap-
 “ py in the arms of a fond and
 “ tender wife, and powerful, by
 “ means of my sovereign’s favors,
 “ my intoxicated soul swam in
 “ pure felicity, and I thought I
 “ saw before me a succession of
 “ cloudless days, even under a
 “ tempestuous horizon. Fatal
 “ error! misfortunes fell thick
 “ upon my head, like stormy
 M 4 “ hail-

“ hailstones, and my too credulous
“ heart was wounded in a thousand
“ places. I saw myself deprived,
“ almost in the same moment, of
“ an adored wife, and the sole
“ fruit of our transitory enjoy-
“ ments. My mind, till then,
“ unacquainted with every species
“ of calamity, was unable to resist
“ this sudden shock, and Dennis
“ permitted me to retire, for a
“ short time, to one of my coun-
“ try houses, in order to nurse
“ my grief in solitude. I left at
6 “ court

“ court one friend, and a thousand
“ enemies, who had been envious
“ of my success. The latter soon
“ took advantage of my absence,
“ by lessening me in the opinion
“ of Dennis. The heart of a
“ tyrant is always open to suspi-
“ cion; he believes the good with
“ difficulty, but seizes, with avidi-
“ ty, even the appearance of guilt.
“ Why cannot the great be
“ brought to believe, that it is
“ possible for them to be loved for
“ their own sakes; do they really
“ feel

“ feel themselves unworthy of a
“ disinterested attachment? My
“ ungenerous antagonists, en-
“ couraged by their first success,
“ spread their snares with infernal
“ address, and soon had the te-
“ merity to accuse me openly of
“ high crimes and misdemeanors.
“ They estimated my riches, and
“ talked of a confiscation to the
“ royal treasury. Dennis’s ava-
“ rice was awakened, and from
“ that moment my fate was de-
“ termined. Being summoned to
“ appear

“ appear, I returned, in the dead
 “ of night, to Syracuse, where I
 “ was informed by one of my
 “ slaves, that my house was pil-
 “ laged, my treasures seized, and
 “ that the new favorites had al-
 “ ready shared my numerous pos-
 “ sessions. How shall I give you an
 “ idea of my consternation ! I
 “ was about to fly to my friend
 “ for the purpose of consulting
 “ him in such a dangerous crisis.
 “ Unhappy Pisistratus, cried the
 “ slave, whither are you going?
 “ the

“ the friend of whom you speak is
“ the most inveterate of all your
“ enemies; it is he who has as-
“ sumed your employments; who,
“ in order to conciliate the favor
“ of the populace, has ordered
“ your house to be plundered;
“ it is he, in short, who presides over
“ the tribunal appointed to judge
“ you, and he will most certainly
“ find you guilty. My dear master,
“ let us fly your ungrateful coun-
“ try; I will accompany you
“ whithersoever your cruel stars
“ shall

“ shall direct your steps.—It
 “ would be the height of rashness
 “ to stay here, and meet certain
 “ destruction ; and without doubt
 “ an ignominious death awaits
 “ you within the walls of Syracuse.
 “ Once more, let us depart, and
 “ believe me, he that is poor is not
 “ always unhappy ; let us not lose
 “ a moment’s time, for every mo-
 “ ment is precious ; the emissaries
 “ of the court, your executioners,
 “ are on the watch, and perhaps—

“ How

“ How shall I proceed, my dear
“ children? dragged far away,
“ almost against my will, from my
“ unhappy country; I arrived in
“ the valley of fishermen, the re-
“ treat of honest poverty. My gene-
“ rous slave, who now became my
“ friend, erected a hut, construct-
“ ed a fishing-boat, procured us
“ the good-will of our companions
“ in misery, and drew me insen-
“ sibly from the deep melancholy
“ into which I had been plunged.
“ I revived like a tall cedar, which,
“ after

“ after having been uprooted by
“ the furious whirlwinds, throws a
“ few feeble suckers around it’s
“ mutilated trunk.—Courage, my
“ dear master, cried my worthy
“ slave, when he saw the spade
“ in my hand, poverty you find
“ is supportable when the heart is
“ at ease; the pleasure of being
“ capable of serving ourselves far
“ exceeds the pride of being
“ served,

“ Fate,

“ Fate, however, still continued
“ to persecute me.—My only
“ friend had chosen a faithful
“ companion from among the fe-
“ males of the valley; this honest
“ creature was become dear to us
“ both, when death tore her from
“ our bosoms, leaving us the care
“ of her only daughter. My unfor-
“ tunate slave did not long survive
“ his loss, and thus I found my-
“ self alone, charged with the
“ education of this dear child—
“ Ismenia.

“ My

“ My children,” continued the
 old man, much affected, “ for I
 “ love you all alike, my heart is
 “ not capacious enough to con-
 “ tain the torrents of delight by
 “ which it is overwhelmed.—I
 “ was alone upon the earth, like a
 “ rose in the desert.—I had no-
 “ thing to oppose against the cruel
 “ strokes of fortune but my tears
 “ and grey hairs; my feet already
 “ touched the grave, that was
 “ opening to receive me, when
 “ suddenly * * * * *
 * * * * *

N

“ Sup-

“ Support me, my children ;
“ lead me towards the temple ;
“ I will go, and return thanks to
“ the gods for their unlooked-for
“ blessings.—I will prostrate my-
“ self before their altars, and wa-
“ ter the marble with my tears.”

On their return from the temple, this happy family resorted to a country house belonging to Lyfias.

A plea-

A pleasant situation in the country is a paradise to minds of sensibility.—It is there that they dilate and acquire that strength and energy which is unknown, and unfelt, in the smoaky palaces of magnificent cities.

FINIS.